

# Under the Gun

Circle Jerks

like a wolf  
in sheep's' clothing  
or a snake  
in the grass  
i've got  
six bullets  
the first could be your last

my mind is hazy  
and when they catch me  
they'll say i'm crazy  
you put me down  
you brushed me off  
stepped on  
pushed and shoved  
i'll show you  
i've had enough

under the gun  
nowhere to run  
under the gun  
nowhere to run

my brain  
is starting to squeek  
i'm so tense and tight  
i can't even speak  
pissed off  
someone's gotta die, tonight